

THE DAILY REVIEW

BISBEE, ARIZONA.

"ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT"

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LET THE COURTS BE UNTRAMMELED.

A Phoenix citizen is resisting payment of a subscription to the Y. M. C. A. building fund to which he obligated himself about five years ago when the enterprise was undertaken in the capital city.

Along with many other delinquent subscribers he was sued last summer. In his answer to the complaint he raised the point that his subscription had been secured by misrepresentation to wit: that he was told that the purpose of the organization was to facilitate the spread of morality and Christianity.

The defendant is a man of extreme and almost painful religious views, one who holds that whatever act is not specially authorized by the scriptures, is to be considered as forbidden. That is, he is a strict constructionist.

Therefore, when some time after his subscription had been secured, he learned that among the facilities for the spread of Christianity and morality, there were to be installed in the Y. M. C. A. building, pool and billiard tables, he felt that he had been inveigled into promising sinews of war to the devil in his never ending fight with righteousness. Therefore, he sought to recall the promise.

So far the citizen, whether right or wrong concerning pool and billiard tables as means of grace, was within his rights but of late he has fallen into what we believe is a serious error. The case a few days ago was set for trial at an early date and thereupon the citizen defendant constructed a prayer and caused it to be printed in the Phoenix papers and by those ungodly vehicles had it conveyed to the holy of that community.

The burden of the prayer in which all the right-minded are expected to join, is that in the forthcoming litigation between righteousness in the person of the defendant, and the forces of evil and the Prince of the Power of the Air in the guise of the Phoenix Y. M. C. A., righteousness may triumph.

Here is plainly an attempt to exert a divine influence upon the court, the jury or both. And, we submit that any influence, divine or profane, other than that of the law, the evidence and the persuasive tongues of the lawyers, is improper and contrary to the statutes framed for the preservation of the integrity of our tribunals of justice.

TARIFF BECOMES LOCAL AND LIVE QUESTION.

Amid the subsiding noise of the primaries we hear the keynote of the first republican campaign in the

state of Arizona, sounded by the Arizona Republican. It is the tariff. The democrats of the new state will of course, be unwilling to confine the struggle to that single issue, but they will gladly accept it as one of the points on the boundary between democracy and republicanism.

We do not think, in the present temper of the people of Arizona, that the word "protection" is going to lure any democratic voter into the republican camp or that it will longer exert a binding force upon the members of the republican party.

One of the chief evils of which the country is now complaining is the archaic republican tariff which rests a grievous burden upon the many, in the form of a ruinous tax of which the government receives nothing but which is a forced contribution to the great wealth of the few.

Hitherto, the voters of Arizona, while feeling a keen interest in the subject of the tariff could discuss it in their political campaigns only as an academic question, one which they could do no more affect than they could settle or contribute to the settlement of the Irish Home Rule question. Now, there is little doubt, they will enter upon a livelier and more effective consideration of this matter.

Any democrat who withholds his support from any candidate of the party, from the candidate for governor down to the last candidate in the county or precinct list, is not the kind of a democrat he ought to be and should be publicly branded as a defective.

We have heard no charges of the improper use of money in the primary campaign. That is, so far as we know, nobody cultivated the campaign with \$75,000 worth of beer and cigars. Yet, all the candidates, even the most frugal, admit that the necessary cost of the canvass was fully in keeping with the present high cost of living.

The relation between the successful and unsuccessful candidates is illustrated in the complaint of the Dutchman who addressed his dog "Schneider" in a comparison of their joys and sorrows. "Schneider" had nothing to worry him; nothing to do but eat drink and sleep while his unfortunate master had to labor painfully to procure provender for them both. "Und," he continued, "even you 'e you're dat und your troubles are all over, vile I got to go to hell yet."

Judge Dickinson in preparing his petition for the dissolution of the Steel Corporation, doubtless desired to let Mr. Roosevelt "down easy" by the statement that in authorizing the requirement by the corporation of the Tennessee Coal and Iron company, he was misled by Judge Gary and Mr. Frick. Judge Dickinson, notwithstanding his long and intimate association with the colonel, evidently does not know him if he thinks he will be mollified by a statement that it was possible for any one on earth to get the better of him.

Caution.

"Are you giving credit now?" asked the man who had returned to his old home "No," answered the proprietor of the general store. "What has become of that old sign you had over the counter, 'No Trust'?" "I decided to take it down. I was afraid some of the corporations that supply me with goods would misunderstand it and take offense."



The Goodly Country

"He makes me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters."—Psalm xxiii, 2.

I've never seen a hill but looked at me with grave content. Good-natured and cheerfully, whichever way I went. Though it were bleak and bare and brown, it shouldered to the sky. And looked at me in quiet peace when I went slowly by. But any building, be it house, or templed place, or mart, Will face a man with chilling brows that set him far apart.

I've never seen a country road that did not have the time. To lead beside the forests where the blossomed vines would climb. To coax me softly, lazily, to rest with it awhile. And see the comfort it could find in creeping mile on mile. But city streets—they glare at you and will not let you stay. They hustle you unceasingly and drive your dreams away.

I've never seen the sky that shields the countryside at night—An ebony velvet drapery looped up with gems of light—That did not seem to bend to me all friendlywise and kind. And pour a balm of comfort on my heart in its distress. But when the city has its night the glare beats in your eye. And look whatever way you will you cannot see the sky.

I've never seen a country road, or brook, or hill, or tree. That did not have a kindly word to speak or sing to me. They never crowd up to one side, they never sneer nor frown. Nor view us strangely as do the streets and walls of town. And so sometimes I think that this may be the hidden plan. To show us how much better God could make the world than man.



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ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT

By ROY K. MOULTON.

THINGS WE HAVE NEVER SEEN

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AEROPLANES are divided into two general classes, viz., monoplane and the biplane. The monoplane has only one plane, and the biplane has two, mono meaning one and bi meaning two.

There are about fifty-seven varieties of each class.

The biplane does not flap its wings up and down in flight as does the goose or that other celebrated bird of passage, the turkey. The wings remain stationary and the only thing about the biplane that flaps is the tail, and this goes around at the rate of four million revolutions per second. When a biplane is doing its dullest it makes a noise which resembles a cross between a saw mill and a boiler factory. It rattles like the bones of a minstrel first part and sends forth an accompaniment like that of a combination lantern and glue factory.

The quietest one I have heard sounded like a \$9 automobile going over a corduroy road with its diaphragm humming against its rear axle. I don't know where the smokestack is on the biplane. They keep it carefully concealed and I don't know when they dump their ashes.

They stay up two or three hours at a time and never spill a thing on the crowd excepting, perhaps, a few monkey wrenches and now and then a mechanic or an aviator.

The monoplane is the most graceful and the fastest of all air craft. It carries its revolving tail in front and travels like a soft-shelled crab going to war. The aviator rides on top of it, the same as one would ride a bucking broncho or a wooden giraffe on a merry-go-round. The engine of the monoplane is so arranged that you do not have to crawl underneath it and lie on your back to fix it as was often the case with the older type of automobile. I do not think that a single aviator has ever crawled under his machine to fix it while it was in the air.

The main difference between a monoplane and a biplane is that in a monoplane you have only one chance, while in a biplane you are said to have two, but whether it is two chances to get killed or two chances to escape I really have forgotten. I think it depends a great deal upon which kind is sold by the party from whom you are getting your information.

I understand that aeroplanes are now being perfected which cannot fall. A man can hang on to the aeroplanes when they are not flying. I have spent a great deal of the time around the hangars conversing pleasantly with men who seemed to be not only willing but anxious to give out interesting information. I was told

by one of these men that the aeroplane cannot possibly fall in now in course of construction. A man said that he had invented a biplane which could not be coaxed down out of the air, even with a lump of sugar or an ear of corn. He said that the only way they could pull his aeroplane down was to hook a hammer to it and pull it down with a high power locomotive. On the first trip his aviator could not get the machine down and had to stay up five days. When they finally arranged a cannon and shot a line over the machine and pulled it down by means of a freight engine, the poor aviator was almost started.

The aviators get \$2 a minute for staying up in the air and I couldn't but reflect upon the inequality of things in this world. I have been up in the air for several years, but have received no such price as \$2 a minute for it. There have even been times when I have had to pay for the privilege.

You kin knock a man's appearance, his relatives, his politics, his business, his singing, his landscape gardening or his automobile but nobody but a bone head is ever foolish enough to knock a man's religion.

Many a fellow who has always been crooked carries a straight life policy. When you are riding the old dump pedestriars are always in the way, and when you are walking the old dump automobiles are always in the way. It all depends upon the point of view. According to the reports a good many people are pleased by eating mushrooms. They ought to stick to toadstools.

Amc Hilkler is lettin' his hair grow down over his ears, so if everything else fails he can establish a new cult and make it support him.

There ain't no use in trying to do nothing for some people. Hank Tumms sent Hod Peters' name to an anti-fat concern, and Hod ain't spoke to him since. Hod's mail has almost clogged the machinery at the local postoffice.

Half of the kids in this world make up their minds they will be street car conductors when they grow up and the other half make up their minds to be drum majors.

ELEGY OF THE AUTO.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power. And all that beauty of the fine machine. Give 'way alike in the inevitable hour. When suddenly you're out of gaso-line.

BY A RURAL SWAIN.

I once fell in love with a maiden. She was no spring chicken at the She, surely enough, was a vision. From her dainty suede shoes to her hat.

I blushed all my money upon her; I bought ice cream cones by the peck. I bought her a nice box of candy; My tank account soon was a wreck.

The next day I asked her to marry. The pain in my heart really hurt. 'Twas then that I found out that Carrio Was one of them things called a flirt.

She murmured, "I love you most dearly. But marriage you should not expect. That's out of the question, yes, clearly. My husband would surely object."

Oh, often, quite often, I've tarried. And looked in their coquetish spell. But most all of them have been married. Oh, how is a feller to tell?

LUCKY AVIAT.

An aviator was in highest glee. Who mailed aloft in bravest glee. He'd never had an accident. And wasn't wise to what fear meant. But on this day his aeroplane. Was taken with internal pain. It crumpled up, high in the air. And gave the watching throng a scare.

He fell three thousand feet and hit. But it did not hurt him a bit. Oh, lucky, lucky aviat— He landed on a lady's hat.

Surprised at C's Size. A Colorado ranchman was paying his first visit to New York, and a friend took him down to the Battery, and then proposed that they walk up Broadway. They kept walking along, showed and jostled, the ranchman all excited and pleased. After about a mile of it, he became tired and ceased talking, but kept plodding along. But after an hour's walking, he took his friend by the arm and stopped him.

"I say, Bill," he said, looking up the street with a weary gaze, "is it town all the way to the 'lucky mountain'?"

OLD FASHIONED BARBER BEST

Writer Objects Strenuously to the "Tonsorial Artist" With His Atrocious Clothes and Talk.

Scarcely a man living but at times drifts into dreaming and picturing what he might do if he had wealth. Many—far too many!—aspire to something that may contribute to the sensational headlines. Here and there is one who merely inclines toward some modest benefaction. For our own part, suddenly finding ourselves rich, we should like to devote much of it to eliminating 'be tonsorial artists' from the field of barberdom; separating the tares from the wheat as it were.

The average "tonsorial artist" affects the most atrocious neckwear; dons a millionaire's vest with a millwright's trousers, and puts popular ideas of garb all at points. He talks glibly of scandal, horse races and hair restorer and eventually drives many a man to whiskers who is perfectly sane and normal otherwise. There are too many of him!

On the other hand the old fashioned "barber" knows his financial, mental and artistic limitations. He seldom feels better acquainted with you the second time over than he did the first. He assumes you know what you want better than he does and rarely forces his "extras." Mostly he is a good tradesman, cleanly and careful in his work. One of his wripes puts greater crimp in the safety razor business than all the "artists" combined. Bless him, there is not enough of him!—Buffalo News.

Vice-President's Kind Heart.

Vice-President Sherman is known among his intimates as "Sunny Jim," and frequently he does something to prove that he deserves the nickname. One morning not long ago a man who remarked with feeling that he was an honored member of the Down and Out club, and that he had known Sherman in days gone by, asked "Sunny Jim" to give him a job. "There is no job I can give you," said Sherman. "All the jobs are taken." He went into his private office, and reappeared carrying a sealed envelope. "I'm sorry," he said, "that I can't help you; but take this note home to your wife." When the wife opened the envelope twenty five-dollar notes dropped into her lap.—Sunday Magazine.

WOMEN IN NEWSPAPER WORK

Edna Ferber, Who Has Tried It Herself, Tells About Their Life as Reporters.

The unusual life of the newspaperman has been diversely set forth by numerous writers, but the experiences of the newspaperwoman, the writer of "sob stories" and "human interest views," has seldom been told so well as by Miss Edna Ferber, herself a reporter of wide experience, who has made it the background for her new novel, "Dawn O'Hara." Miss Ferber makes Dawn, her journalistic heroine, say regarding her own craft:

"If a woman reporter were to burst into tears every time she saw something to weep over she'd be going about with a red nose and puffy eyelids half the time. Scarcely a day passes that does not bring her face to face with human suffering in some form. Not only must she see these things, but she must write of them so that those who read can also see them. And just because she does not wall and tear her hair and faint she popularly is supposed to be a flirty, cigarette-smoking creature who ram pages up and down the land, seeking whom she may rend with her pen and gazing dry-eyed upon scenes of horrid bloodshed."

A Left-Handed Job.

The advertisement called for a left-handed dressmaker's assistant, but the first person who answered it was neither left-handed nor a dressmaker.

"Why do you want a left-handed apprentice?" asked the curious visitor.

"Because the girl who just went away was left-handed. She left a lot of unfinished work, and it will take another left-handed girl to finish it. Left-handed people begin work in the opposite direction from a right-handed sewer, and if a right-handed person attempts to finish it there is sure to be a muddle."

Country Town

Sayings

By "Ed" Howe

Chickens and boys are always eating.

Some people will say your real diamonds are glass.

The first and last years of your life don't amount to much.

No man can be so respectable that a good many will not lie about him.

It is this new blood people talk so much about that causes most of the runaways.

It is impossible to make your conduct perfect; but you can make it better than it has been.

Nothing pleases a man more than to see a worthless boy "come out" and "make a man" of himself.

There are some sane people I can't stand; I don't know what I should do if compelled to be much with crazy people.

When it is generally said of a man that he doesn't work very hard, you will find, also, that he doesn't get along very well.

Mules are about the most worthy animals I know anything about. They work hard, and live on half that horses require. I never knew a mule to kick anybody, or run away; yet no one ever looks at a mule without saying, "Whoa, there!"

Children are apt to look forward to the time when they are grown up, imagining they can then make as the noise they want; but they usually find that some other fellow is making a greater noise than they can make, and they spend their maturer years, as they did their childhood in listening.

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Faithful to the End.

During an exploring expedition in the arctic regions, some years ago, the men spent considerable time hunting polar bears. One day a party in an open boat saw a big bear with two cubs on the ice not far distant. As the boat drew near, the sailors threw them great lumps of walrus flesh, and these the old bear divided among her cubs, reserving only a small portion for herself. Then, while all three were feeding in a bunch, the sailors fired, instantly killing the cubs and severely wounding the dam. It actually excited pity to see her behavior. Though fatally wounded, she tore another lump of meat in pieces and laid it before the cubs. When she found they would not eat, she tried to raise them up, all the while moaning piteously. The men fired another volley, and then she fell between her cubs, and died licking their wounds.

Meat and Cancer.

In view of the fact that meat, and especially fresh meat, is comparatively very cheap in Australia, and in consequence its use probably very much more general than in any other country, it may be interesting on account of meat being frequently associated with cancer to note the incidence of this disease.

In 1908, the total number of deaths reported in the Commonwealth was 46,426. Of this number 2,921, or 6.29 per cent., were due to cancer. If the population is estimated at 4,500,000 the incidence would be one death per annum in every 1,540 of the population. This rate is very much lower than that of the United States, Great Britain or Germany.—Medical Record.

Diplomatic Menus.

An interesting collection has just been added to the museum in connection with the French ministry of foreign affairs. The collection is the gift of M. Jean Fabre, and it consists of menus of dinners and luncheons given by French diplomatic representatives abroad during the last 50 years. What a boon this will be to chefs if they are permitted to consult this collection, which is contained in 40 albums, and it is quite within the range of possibility that diplomats will not be above drawing inspiration from the books. We believe the Austrian emperor has a somewhat similar collection.—London Globe.

Jack Benjamin's 1911 Shows

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Jack Benjamin's 1911 Shows

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